

The Guide to Holiness.

• DECEMBER, 1863.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR AND VOLUME.

With the present number we bid farewell to the year 1863. Twenty-four years and a half have passed since our Magazine, then issued under the title of "Guide to Christian Perfection," first saw the light. During more than half that period the present publisher has been associated with it. The retrospect, while it furnishes grounds for deep humiliation in the very imperfect manner in which his duties have been performed, affords also occasion for heartfelt thanksgiving. That God has blessed these humble endeavors to advance his glory is too self-evident for dispute. From Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from foreign lands testimonies, unsolicited and of the most encouraging character, have stimulated us onward in the work to which we believe God has called us. Side issues have been raised and repeated efforts put forth to draw us from our distinctive mission, but we have been enabled by divine grace to maintain a unity of purpose and God has blessed us in it. From a subscription list of 3000, we have through the Divine blessing and co-operation of friends steadily extended our influence, so that at the time the present war broke out, we were scattering *fifteen thousand five hundred* Guides monthly all over the world. Besides this there have been issued from our press *thousands upon thousands* of works bearing directly on the precious doctrines of Christian holiness. Though the war has greatly interfered with our work, we have the satisfaction of knowing that the seed has been scattered, and the delightful evidence that even in this season of strife and mortal conflict, it is bearing fruit unto eternal life. Scarcely a day passes that we have not assurance given us, that amid the bereavements and trials incident to the war and even the dangers of the battle-field, the principles which have been implanted by the Guide are a source of infinite comfort. Beloved, if you agree with us that ours is an important mission, aid us, as you may very effectually, in diffusing a SANCTIFIED LITERATURE.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

It will be remembered that in our September issue mention was made of a contribution of \$4 from a widow for the Guide, to be sent to the soldiers. We wrote to a brother in the army of the Cumberland who though a private, had himself contributed some \$10 for that purpose and have just received his reply. He writes as follows from

WINSTON, Ala., Sept. 16, 1863.

Dear Brethren: I have received the copies of the Guide for July, Aug. and Sept., and they have been read over and over by the soldiers with great satisfaction. I sent \$50 more by an officer going North which I suppose had not reached you when you mailed the Sept. Guide, with which I instructed you to send \$3 worth of old back numbers of the Guide and \$30 worth of the Guide commencing with July.

With reference to the "widow's mite" I will gladly take it in charge, hoping it will do great good. We are having a good time and many are uniting themselves with the Christian Association. Yours in Christ,

M. W. WHITTENBERG,
25th Ill. Vols., 14th Army Corps.

Our brother's remittance has not reached us, but we doubt not it will come to hand. In the meanwhile we will fill his order as far as his instructions in this letter will admit.

ITCHING EARS.

In glancing over the morning papers, a day or two since, our eye fell on the accompanying paragraph. It discloses a painful state of things and we fear the counterpart will be found in many other places and among all denominations. May the apostle's prediction to Timothy serve as a warning to rouse us to a sense of danger. "For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables."—2 Tim. iv. 3, 4.

ECCLESIASTICAL.—The council convened in Fall River last week, to consider the case of Rev. Mr. Fay, who had asked a dismission from the pastorate of the First Orthodox Church, recommended that the pastoral connection be sundered. The council, in coming to this conclusion, say:—

"The ministry of this pastor has fallen among a people, some of whom indulge great fastidiousness of ear and taste, and are sharply critical in all the qualities of literary com-

position, and with not a few others of whom the standard of ministerial accomplishment and acceptableness is not so much the possession of the spirit of the Master, the determination to preach the truth of His gospel, boldly, simply and directly, and an unstained record of personal purity of life, and earnestness of pastoral labor, as the ability to prepare and preach brilliant and scholarly discourses that shall charm the intellect, conciliate criticism and build up a reputation for learning and ability."

DR. AND MRS. PALMER have arrived at New York, and were last Sabbath tendered a good religious welcome by Allen St. Church, of which they are members. The pastor of the church congratulated them on the glorious results of their labors abroad. They recounted in reply the work of grace they had witnessed, and great peace in the meanwhile dwelt upon the congregation. The exercises, morning and afternoon, were closed by inviting penitents forward for prayers, and quite a number accepted the invitation.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

LITTLE ANNA.

She was the pet of the household. Her gentle, quiet ways won every heart. And then so thoughtful. Only six summers had come since she was a tiny infant, but how many cares she had lightened, how many steps saved by her considerate ways. Even the house-servants shared her thoughtful kindness and care. Her little feet would run here and there to save poor old Doty a step or two. Ah! Anna was a treasure rarely found in household groups.

She had such a sweet face. We do not know how angels look, but think she must have had some of their sweetness and purity stamped upon her brow.

Her mother had soon learned to lean upon and value her society, she was so mature. The Sunday School was her great delight. Here she learned the little songs by which she sung out the joyousness of her nature, and cheered the hearts of her friends.

God had given her a delightful home, just a mile from the city, and surrounded with greenness and beauty. The other day she was selecting flowers in the garden for a bou-

quet. Flitting here and there, her little voice singing,

And I'm going, yes, I'm going
To that land that has no storm,

her mother, attracted by the peculiar richness of the melody, paused to listen, and still she sang over and over again,

And I'm going, yes, I'm going
To that land that has no storm.

Those words were a sure prophecy of what is now reality. That little song ended her earthly minstrelsy, blest prelude of the angelic which now she joins. To-day we placed her in her little coffin, covered her with flowers, and laid her away in Oakwood to rest till Jesus comes. Precious Anna! Thy memory will be green and fresh way down life's pathway; all who felt thy gentle influence, so birdlike and so pure, can never cease to cherish it as a precious treasure. Sing on, blest one, in that land that has no storms! We'll not wish thy music hushed among the angels by calling thee back to our embrace, but when the storms of life are ended will meet thee there.

Ah! if every child was like little Anna, what a paradise would our homes all be. How many a parent's heart would cease its aching, how many weeping eyes be filled with delight. Children, you little know what a power you have to bless. The king on his throne, the President in his chair, and the beggar in the street, are alike influenced by these little ones. Be good, be gentle, be kind, and then all will be loving toward you, your homes will be blessed, and earth brightened by your smile and love.

CONTRABAND CHILDREN.

BY E. E. ROGERS.

Dear Children: I doubt not you all feel an interest in the contraband children. Having visited their schools, and having had the privilege—though only to a limited extent—of teaching them to read and sing, I can tell you from experience some interesting things concerning them.

I have always found them very eager to learn, and usually possessed of a very retentive memory, so that their improvement in many instances is perfectly astonishing. You would be most delighted to hear them sing. The negroes are a music-loving race. The younger children show their natural

characteristic, by "catching" tunes and singing them with great delight. They have a few wild strange songs of their own such as their fathers and mothers sing in their prayer meetings but I think they love best the sweet Sunday School songs we are teaching them.

With the few dark faced children, whom our Chaplain has recently gathered in a Sunday School, the well known hymn "I want to be an Angel" is a great favorite. They sing this and others at their homes, and their parents get the benefit of the pious sentiments that they contain.

In many places these little contrabands are persecuted by the children of those whose sympathies are with secession. I saw a little girl in Portsmouth, Va. whose face bore a shocking scar—the mark of a brickbat thrown by a white child. I hope none of you, my little friends, would have done such a thing. We should pity them, and instead of persecuting, try to comfort them. Who made their faces black? Would you blame the creature for what the great Creator has done?

O, let your young heart be touched with pity for those less fortunate than you. God in his providence, is opening the door of freedom to multitudes of slaves. These are to be in a great measure dependent upon the charity of generous and christian people, for months and years to come. They must be educated and made better. Their children must be trained and cared for by christian teachers.

Now ask yourselves, what can I do for them? You can pray for them. You can speak noble and philanthropic words in their behalf. You can deny yourself, and send the penny or dime thus saved, to be used for their welfare.

O, I know you would feel sorry for these poor children, if you could see them in their poverty and rags. Your heart would be touched with precious sympathy. Thank God that you have been so highly favored. Improve the blessings he has conferred upon you, and try to live usefully and nobly; and thus you will at last die peaceful and happy.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL CAN DO.

A little girl of my acquaintance in Preston County named Susan H. Bonnifield aged six years had been taught by her mother the degraded and unhappy condition of heathen

children without the Bible or any moral or religious training, and exposed to be forever lost. Her little heart was stirred and having a good use of the needle she resolved, with her mother's permission so to do, to piece a quilt and appropriate its avails in sending the the gospel to the heathen. She immediately commenced the work, and prosecuted it with unwearied industry and it was completed before she was seven years old. This quilt I had the pleasure of presenting to the mass meeting with a statement of its origin and object and also a notice that it would be publicly sold the next day. The effect was electrical. Hundreds of hearts were moved and melted. But few dry eyes could be seen in that large assembly. The direct avails of that quilt were fifteen dollars and fifty cents nearly twice its value. In the light of a little child's example many have seen more clearly their duty to diffuse the gospel, have felt reproved for past negligence and resolved to be more faithful in the future. What christian does not admire the devotion of this little girl bending day by day over the tedious quilt, urged on by the remembrance of the degraded heathen and as we trust animated in her self-imposed task by the love of Jesus. Reader, have you ever made so self-denying an offering to relieve their miseries? Are there not other little girls who will pity the heathen children, and give something to send them the gospel?

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A little boy had died. His body had been laid out in a darkened room, waiting to be laid in the cold, lone grave. His afflicted mother and bereaved sister went in to look at the face of the precious sleeper; for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing on the face of one so beloved and cherished, the little girl asked to shake his hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but the child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it; she took the cold, bloodless hand of her sleeping boy, and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister.

The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly, and then looked up to her mother through tears and love, and said:

"Mother, this hand never struck me."

What could have been more touching and lovely?

THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.

Lively.

A. HULL.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye

2. O the transporting, rapt'rous scene, That ri - ses to my sight!

To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.

Sweet fields array'd in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.

Cho. Where joy will ban - ish ev' - ry pain, And sor - row come no more.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Then let us count our loss as gain, To reach that hap - py shore ;

Then let us count our loss as gain, To reach that hap - py shore ;

THE PROMISED LAND.
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
Then let us count, &c.

2.
O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.
Then let us count, &c.

3.
O'er all those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day ;

There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
Then let us count, &c.

4.
No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
Then let us count, &c.

5.
Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay :
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.
Then let us count, &c.

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